

INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

STANFORD, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1872.

NO. 41.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

IS PUBLISHED IN

STANFORD, KENTUCKY,

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

OFFICE—SOUTH SIDE MAIN STREET, (Up Stairs).

HILTON & CAMPBELL, Proprietors.

TERMS—Two Dollars per Year in Advance.

THE RED CROSS.

The year is drawing to a close, and we need the money due us on subscription.

Those of our subscribers who find a red X after their names on the margin of the paper, or on the wrapper, are politely notified their subscription is due, or over due, and are requested to remit the same immediately. We desire to

purchase a power press, and enlarge our paper four columns at the beginning of our second volume, and will do so if properly encouraged, and promptly paid.

Please come to our assistance, friends, and we will make you the LARGEST if not the BEST weekly paper in Central Kentucky.

THE VILLAGE ANGEL.

A GOOD STORY FOR ALL.

Emily Wharton was the pet and pride of Riverdale. The old men reverently called her the "village angel," the young men admired her by day and dreamed of her by night; and even her companions of her own sex felt for her a pure regard, free from the least taint of envy or jealousy. Had any one asked if she was beautiful, the reply would have been: "I'm sure I don't know; but she is so good, we all love her; we can't help it."

And if you, reader, had seen her glossy brown hair, her deep, tender eyes, of a dark gray, and her fair round face with gentleness and patience shining from every feature. You might deny that she was really pretty, but you would have to admit that she possessed charms superior to those of personal loveliness.

What little romance there had been in Emily's quiet happy life, she had made herself while quietly working for quite another object. Her parents being the wealthiest people in town, and her own heart prompting her to take the most worthy advantage of this blessing, she had often helped those in need, and accomplished it in such a quiet way that she avoided the ostentation of charity, and caused the recipients to feel a thankfulness unbounded by any sense of humiliating obligation.

It was one summer afternoon, while sitting with her mother on the piazza of their elegant cottage, that Emily saw a young man staggering under the weight of a heavy barrow filled with vegetables. He was coming up the road, and as he drew near she saw that his face was very pale, and bore only too plainly the marks of care and sorrow. She watched him as he advanced, her face revealing the sudden sympathy which his appearance had inspired in her heart.

Reaching the house directly opposite, the young man let his barrow rest upon the walk, and opened the gate; then, moving forward with his load, he essayed to enter, but the gate swung to, barring his progress. Again he tried, and with the same result. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he looked about for something with which to hold the gate in position, and at that moment a slight girlish figure swept by him, and a sweet voice said: "I will hold it while you come in."

Surprised, and not a little embarrassed, he regarded her for a moment in silence; then, while gratitude shone from his dark eyes, he replied:

"You are very kind miss; I thank you."

And he wheeled his burden into the yard, gazing almost reverently at his gentle assistant.

"My mother thinks you have not been long in our village," said Emily, shyly.

"No, only three days. I'm a stranger, you see, and I don't get much work, but I shall by and by, I think, and a faint smile passed over his features.

"Papa has lots of work to be done, he might give you some if he only knew your name," continued the maiden sagaciously.

"Thank you, my name is Thomas Wilson, and—I live on the Flats." He spoke hesitatingly, and blushed as he mentioned the name of the poorest locality in town. Presently he looked up, but his companion was gone, and was now sitting on the piazza again as quietly as if she had not moved at all.

"That name drove her off," mused Thomas, as he went on with his load. "Well I don't wonder. It is a low place. But she was kind; there are mighty few who could do what she did."

That evening, while Emily and her father were conversing—she trying to find out if he knew anything of the Wilson family, and in wondering what "the darling little witch was driving at"—the neighbor across the way came in, and re-

ferred to the incident of the afternoon, and added:

"It was good in you, Emily, very good; but they are rather low people—these Wilsons. They lived in Davy mouth before they came here; in fact the old man died there. He was a hard one, it is said, and drank himself to death. I don't know, but I shouldn't wonder if the boy took after him, for he won't work steady. I hired him the first day he came here, and he was off in the afternoon; and the next morning he looked pale, and his eyes were red. I really don't believe he is of much account."

Emily, who was very far from sharing the caller's suspicions, was about to say that other things than drink caused pallor of the features and redness of the eyes, but, thinking that time used in argument is generally thrown away, she held her peace, and resolved to ascertain the facts for herself.

Slipping quietly out of the room, she assumed her habit, and then ordered the pony saddled. As it was nothing unusual for her to ride on moonlight nights, neither of her parents asked a question, and galloped away on her mission undisturbed. Reaching the flats—a place she had often visited upon errands of mercy—she dismounted and inquired in what house Mr. Wilson lived. The woman directed her, with an ominous shake of the head, and Emily, reflecting upon the force of prejudice among all classes pursued her way on foot, leading the pony by the bridle.

The smallest oldest, and daintiest of all the habitations on the flats was the one which had been pointed out to her. Hitching the pony to a staple in the window-sill—for there was no other place, not a tree or shrub growing in the vicinity—Emily knocked upon the door and waited with peculiar feelings the answer. It soon came in the person of Thomas, who, for a moment, was rendered speechless by surprise; then, in a voice which revealed both pain and mortification, he said:

"Will you come in? You will find it a wretched place, but we can't help it just now."

Emily made no reply, but followed him into the house. In the first room were a table, three chairs, and old cooking stove and an old-fashioned washstand. In one of the chairs, curled up asleep, was a little girl of about five summers, her long, black hair falling over a thin, pale face, on which tear stains were yet visible. Thomas saw Emily glancing at the child, and he simply said, "My sister." But there was anguish in every accent. "My mother is in the next room. Would you like to see her?" he added, presently. The maiden inclined her head, and followed him into the chamber, where, upon a low cot bed, lay a woman evidently in the last stages of consumption. Her skin was nearly transparent, and her eyes, large and black, gave to her countenance a brilliancy weird, almost frightened. As Emily entered the invalid glanced upon her inquiringly, and said:

"Curiosity is sometimes cruelty. Why did you come?"

"With the hope of being met at a friend," answered Emily, with a gentle reproof, at the same time placing her hand on the sufferer's brow.

"Forgive me, but there is so much coldness in this world, so little love. Oh! I remember now, you are the young lady who helped Tom this afternoon. Poor Tom! he is nearly worn out. He tries to work outside and take care of Alice and me, too, but he can't do it all, so he has to let outside work go sometimes, and then, I suppose his employers thinks he is idle. It weakened me very much indeed."

"Yes, Tom," and thus they were both in the presence of death.

Five years had passed since the night when Emily gave Tom her promise at the bedside of his dead mother. Very long and weary had been those years; many heartaches, some doubts and many fears had come and gone, only to come and go again. Emily was now twenty-three years old, and looked upon the villagers as an old maid, not that she was less attractive, but because she refused so many loves some distinguished and some rich.

"My child, my dear Emily," said her father, one evening, when they were sitting on the piazza, in the very same place where she had seen her only accepted lover, "I think you have done your duty in waiting. Your life is your own, and from the fact that you have not heard from Tom for two years, it is not likely that you will ever hear from him again."

"Don't father! Oh, please don't," said Emily, shuddering.

"My precious daughter, I would not pain you for the world. It is only my love for you that causes me to speak thus. You proved to me that Tom was good, else I would not have sanctioned the engagement. He went away to make his fortune, taking with him his little sister. It is sad to think of anything having happened to him, but time and silence indicate something."

"He will come back, father," she replied, a far-off, dreamy look in her eyes, "Tom will come back."

"It's a monomaniac with her," the villagers said, and with grief, for it was dreadful to see the fairest flower thus wither. But one morning Emily came down stairs singing and looking like her former self, and her parents wondered, for of late she had been pensive and listless. The day drew to a close; and just at twilight a carriage dashed up to the door, and immediately there alighted a

"God bless your bright face," he mur-

mured, in a shocked voice, and impressively pressed her hand.

"I will stay here until you return," said he, as he took his hat and hurried away. When the young man returned he found the kettle singing over the fire, and the table set, while little Alice, who had been awakened by the cheerful sound, sat up in her chair gazing at Emily in amazement. "You are too good, miss; I did not believe that there was one left in the world as good as you are," said Tom, regarding her as if she was something more than human. "Don't praise me but take out your bundles and I'll have supper presently. Of course you got some steak?"

"Yes, though I was afraid I was doing wrong."

Emily reproved him for that sentence, and then went on with her preparations. In a short time a repast, which to Tom and Alice deemed a banquet, was placed on the table, and then Emily departed, saying she would come on the morrow and wash the dishes. Tom's gaze followed her until she was invisible, when he returned to the house, dropped on his knees beside his mother's bed, and thanked God for the friend which had been sent to them when starvation seemed inevitable.

The next day, and every day for a week, Emily Wharton brought the sunlight of her presence to that wretched abode, and cheered and comforted the invalid and her children, not forgetting to enlist the services of the village physician in the same cause. But he could do little for the sufferer; she could only be made easy during her brief stay on earth, she could not recover. And at length the time came when his words were to be verified, and Tom Wilson, standing at the side of the little couch, knew that his mother would not live an hour. "Oh! if Emily would only come!" He could not bear this terrible blow alone, with little Alice clinging to him in fear. And still the terrible minutes dragged on, and at length Emily came and stood by his side, and to make him stronger she took one of his hands in her own. Together the three looked down upon the blanched face and wasted form of the invalid, and saw the chest move with labored effort, and saw the lips, as if praying for air. Great sobs shook the son's breast and tears rolled down his cheeks, and at intervals the words came forth in convulsive whimpers: "Oh, God! God! must I lose my mother?" She heard him once and tried to smile, but she had not the strength, and instead she worked her hand along the counterpane until it touched his. That destroyed the last particle of his self-control, and sinking on his knees he wept as only a man can weep when anguish makes him a child before his Creator.

"Tom," said Emily, in a low voice. He arose just in time to see the last pulsation of his mother's heart. She had gone forever. Weakened by grief, he turned toward Emily, and gazed upon her imploringly.

"Be calm, dear friend," she said, tearfully.

"Oh, Emily, you are all that I have left! Oh, Emily, if I dared to love you—." He paused, and his body shook like a leaf. Again he spoke: "Emily, next to her I loved you. May I?"

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THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun;

So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name and my place and my tomb, all forgotten,

The briefrace of time well and patiently run;

So let me pass away, peacefully, and silently,

Only remembered by what I have done.

"At last, my darling," he said, kissing her pale face and smoothing her hair.

"At last! Oh, how often I have prayed for this hour!

"Up to the crown that for me has been won;

"Unthought of by man in rewards or prizes.

"Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like odors of sunset,

"That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on,

"So be it my life—a thing felt but not done,

"And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes—like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,

"Where the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone,

"So let me be to this world's weary dwellers,

"Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs then the praise of the love-written record,

"The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?

The things that we lived for—let them be our story,

We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing,

"(As its summer and autumn moved silently on)

The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season.

I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,

To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;

He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,

He is only remembered by what he has done.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER : 13, 1872.

NOTICE.

Those of our advertisers who desire changes made in their advertisements must hand in copy on Monday mornings next.

All notices concerning changes of address or removals, &c., should be addressed to HILTON & CAMPBELL, box 3, Stanford, Ky.

All notices relative to advertising, subscription or advertising rates, &c., should be sent in writing or express or it will be at the owner's risk.

James Cook is our authorized agent in Hustonville, and we call upon all to subscribe to his paper, and receive all notices for the same.

OUR AGENTS:

Jas. Cook, Hustonville: S. E. Owen, Cynthiana;

W. C. Codd, Somerton: E. H. Bryant, Goshen;

W. S. Jones, Pine Hill;

X Please Renew. X

If you find a cross mark in ink after your name on the margin of this paper, or on the wrapper, it signifies that your time is out, and you are requested to renew.

Subscription Paid this Week

To prevent errors and to obviate the necessity of resorting to our subscribers, we will publish every week the names of those who pay us, which shall be a receipt to them. If you have remitted your dues by mail during this week and your name does not appear in this issue, you are notified that we have not received it.

Mr. M. H. Anderson has rented his brick house on Main street, to Dawson Hughes for \$300.

Officer Miller sold one share of stock in the National Bank of Stanford, on Monday last, at \$125.

"Ps, what for did the printer put that red mark on your paper?" "Hush up sonnie, you talk too much!"

W. H. Anderson will open his superlative assortment of Christmas toys in due time. Don't be impatient! Little folks!

There is not a single business or dwelling house for rent in Stanford. Is not this a sufficient hint to our capitalists?

Mr. Logan Stephenson advertises in this issue three tracts of land and a lot of personal property for sale publicly on Dec. 21st and 23d.

There is room enough on our books for several hundred more subscribers. Will not our agents and friends exert themselves in our behalf?

If you desire to know who has a farm for sale look over the columns of your local paper. This is the appropriate place for such information.

Farmers and stock men will bear in mind that the columns of the INTERIOR JOURNAL are the surest means of advertising their lands and their stock for sale.

Wanted.

A number one cook for a private family, at good wages. Apply at this office.

PTEP.

We will pay through valleys and then through hills; and then we see a few must receive a reward upon some odds next.

Religions.

Elder R. L. Allen, of Danville, preached at the Christian church at this place last Sunday night.

At the close of the year 1787, there were but 90 methodists in Kentucky, and at the close of the year 1870, there was a total membership of 43,760.

Rev. C. W. Miller, agent for the Western University, will preach at the M. E. Church in this place on to-morrow night, and also on next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

In 1838 there were in this State 33,830 members of the Reform or Christian church, about 380 congregations, and about 195 preachers. From the best estimate that can be made, there are now 450 churches, 300 preachers and evangelists, and an aggregate membership of 60,000.

Rev. A. D. Bass addressed the Sunday School Convention on Sunday evening last. He is one of the few men in the country who can engage the attention, and interest the children on such occasions. The next meeting will take place at the Presbyterian church next Sunday afternoon. It is remarkable how fast the children of Stanford are improving in singing, under the instructions and control of Mr. G. R. Waters, the leader. The friends of Sunday Schools in all parts of the country are cordially invited to take part in these interesting meetings.

The minutes of the 7th meeting of the Tate's Creek Association of United Baptists, held in August last, have just been published in this office, and will be distributed by G. R. Waters, clerk of the Association, immediately. We gather from the minutes the following interesting facts. The oldest church is Tate's Creek, constituted in 1790, and has a total membership of 125, and shows the largest gain during the year. The largest church in number is Freedom, constituted in 1810, and now has a total membership of 165, showing a loss of 15 in the 21 churches in this Association represented, with a total membership of 1,407.

On Sunday morning as the crowd was dispersing from the Baptist church, a well known disengaged from the head-gear of a lady and soared away on the winds like a thing of life. It would ascend far up in the air and almost disappear from the sight of those below, and the next instant descend almost within reach of several persons; again it would rise to the very clouds. It finally fell to the ground some three hundred yards from the starting point, and was recovered by one of the parties in pursuit.

We were visited by quite a number of our patrons on Monday last, and many of them left with us substantial mementoes of their friendship. Others speak kind words of encouragement. To all we can but utter the common-place "thank you."

Persons in this and adjoining counties who contemplate building, and wish to secure competent builder and a reliable contractor should correspond with Geo. Myers of this place. Several of the best buildings in this section of country stand as monuments to attest his skill and faithfulness.

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Matrimonial.

On the 8th inst., at the Highland church in this county, Mr. ROBERT J. HATCHISON to Miss MARY E. BROWN.

On the 18th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. JAMES HIATT, of Garrard county, to Miss SALLIE B., daughter of David Spooner.

John Blair, our polite and attentive county court clerk, is not a constitutional grumbler, but he don't like the way our women have abused their leap year privileges this year. He says they are as "courtists" a failure, and thinks even this right should be wrested from them. John, you have been a long time in the enjoyment of single blessedness, but while there's life there's hope. Don't succumb.

At the Garvin House, in this place, Thursday, Dec. 12th, 1872, by the Rev. G. C. Overstreet, Mr. DAVID N. ELSHEIMER, of Lancaster, Penn., to Miss MAGGIE C. TANNER, of Lincoln county, Ky. No cards, no cake, nobody's business.

There was a report current upon our streets, that Uncle Ben Pherig, the poetist man in the State, was married privately yesterday at the Garvin House. Subsequently it was disclosed that another was the happy man.

Died.

On Sunday last, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. T. M. Pennington, of this place, Mrs. Amanda F. Goggin, wife of Bowen Goggin, deceased, formerly of Pulaski county. The deceased had lived to the age of —, and had for a number of years been a helpless invalid. Her remains were taken to Somerset, the place where she always resided, for interment. She will never know more of suffering, but has gone to the beautiful land, where the weeping cease from troubling and the weary and afflicted are at rest.

Real Estate Sales.

Mr. Dan Miller reports the following sales on Monday last: 123 acres of land lying on Hanging Fork, near Hustonville, a part of the old Van Arsdale farm, at \$50 per acre; 260 acres of Knob land lying on Green river for \$536.

Wedding and Holiday Presents.

The shareholders of the capital stock of the Farmers' National Bank of Stanford, Kentucky, advertise in another column an extensive stock of jewelry, and handsome holiday goods. These gentlemen are by far the most extensive jewellers in Central Kentucky, and we commend them to our readers.

Bank Notice.

The shareholders of the capital stock of the Farmers' National Bank of Stanford, Kentucky, will meet at the office of said bank on the second Tuesday in January, 1873, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.

New Music.

We thank the publisher, Dr. P. Faulds, No. 70 Main, Louisville, for a beautiful instrumental piece for the piano forte, "Fantasia Magna" by Ernest Tozler.

Stanford to Nicholasville.

Now that the epizootic has ceased, we do not see why the stage-line between Stanford and Nicholasville can not be re-established, or rather, be more active. This is to have us go round by Somerset, to get to Lexington more conveniently, not to mention the additional expense this circuitous route imposes.

Local Brevities.

Ice is ripe.

Davies' coal is free from dust and sulphur.

B.H. Anderson has horses that are epizootic proof.

A great goodness exists between North and South Stanford.

Messrs. Waters & Dawson are receiving their Christmas goods.

The merchants of Stanford sell about \$400,000 worth of goods per annum.

For holiday presents in gold and silver, and see Tom Richards, at E. E. Chemainus.

It is whispered around that we will have a Christmas tree at one of the churches. So?

Mr. Henry Baughman has rented his brick house on Main street, to Dawson Hughes for \$300.

Officer Miller sold one share of stock in the National Bank of Stanford, on Monday last, at \$125.

For holiday presents in gold and silver, and see Tom Richards, at E. E. Chemainus.

One of our old, and, hitherto considered, responsible citizens has lately been guilty of a breach of trust, to the serious detriment of divers and sundry of the honest yeomanry of our county, succeeded in purchasing hogs and cattle from the poorer class of our farmers, on time, to the amount of about three thousand dollars, shipped them to Louisville, sold them, pocketed the proceeds and fled to parts unknown.

SOUTHERN MARKETS.

Our stock men have all returned from the Southern markets, with gloomy accounts of sales and prices.

NO SMALL-POX.

Small-pox has not assailed us yet; nor are we disposed to throw down the gauntlet for a trial with the hideous monster.

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Officer Miller sold one share of stock in the National Bank of Stanford, on Monday last, at \$125.

For holiday presents in gold and silver, and see Tom Richards, at E. E. Chemainus.

One of our old, and, hitherto considered, responsible citizens has lately been guilty of a breach of trust, to the serious detriment of divers and sundry of the honest yeomanry of our county, succeeded in purchasing hogs and cattle from the poorer class of our farmers, on time, to the amount of about three thousand dollars, shipped them to Louisville, sold them, pocketed the proceeds and fled to parts unknown.

SOUTHERN MARKETS.

Our stock men have all returned from the Southern markets, with gloomy accounts of sales and prices.

NO SMALL-POX.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

FRIDAY, DECEMBER : 1872.

EN Perkins on Round Dances.

In a letter, Eli Perkins gives his opinion of round dances as follows:

"Yesterday I asked a young lady if she danced round dances.

"Yes," she replied, "with my intimate friends. I don't dance them with strangers."

Happy and good young lady. She don't let only her intimate friends see their arms around her. None but intimate friends will hold her hand and draw her young bosom to his. Oh! no! Strange young fellows from Hoboken can't come up on a first introduction and encircle her in their arms—unless they're good looking and practiced in the subtle art of the Brown boys. This good young lady is the only girl in Saratoga who will not gladly permit an entire stranger to be presented, and then fall squarely into his arms. O tempora, O mores! I guess old Cicero would have exclaimed worse than that if he had seen Miss Cicero Africanus three minutes after a Coliseum introduction. Now, then my dear mother in Israel, do you think all this is just right? It is the ritual of society, I know; but can't society have its agonies as well as religion? If it is wrong for a fellow to even touch a young lady's hand in the parlor, is it altogether right for a stranger to encircle her in his arms in the ball room? Don't, my dear mother, think for a moment that we follow dislike it! Don't think we are willing to clasp your daughters to our aching hearts, for we are. We can hold them in our arms for hours, and never tire of the delightful amusement. Don't think we are sick of it, but with us it is a question of morality. We want to be good."

The old lady who refused to ride in a mail coach because she didn't think it right to ride altogether with gentlemen, is here, and she holds her daughter's opera cloak every night while she dances with the "hugging Brown boys." De gustibus, etc. Hugging is a terrible word, but we are dealing with terrible facts.

Personal Egotism.

There are very few parents who undergo by hanging in Boston county understand that our clemency or personal feelings should be eliminated in the management of children. The parents a judge, and the judge must be dispassionate, else all authority is weakened.

Let us see how it works. John breaks a vase. His mother is very much irritated at the destruction of her favorite vase, and punishes him, not according to his sins, but according to her amanuensis. She does not stop even to inquire whether or not the vase was broken by one of those unavoidable accidents which might have happened to herself or to the most careful person. In thus punishing her child, she is guilty of self-injustice and cruelty. She has wounded his respect and his affection for her, and has done much to destroy her authority. The child feels that his mother is only avenging her own personal grievances.

A few days later the same John is guilty of an act morally bad. It may chance that no evil consequences follow. The mother is glad to avoid trouble, and she lets it pass with little or no admonition. Johnny is a sharp little boy, and puts two ideas together very quickly. "It does not matter that I do wrong," he says, "if I only don't bother mamma. But I must take care not to touch anything of hers, else I'll catch it." It would be hard for family government to do a child a greater injury than to leave just this impression upon his mind. The mother has succeeded in confounding all moral distinctions in his mind, has weakened all authority, and set the example of selfishness, cruelty and injustice.—*Hearth and Home.*

To Save Coal.

The most practical suggestion yet made toward economy in coal seems to be the use of solid bottoms in ordinary fire grates. It is asserted, and indeed proved, that in any fireplace not excessively small, a plate of iron placed upon the grate will save the consumption of coal, reduce the smoke, and leave a cheerful free burning fire. Quite sufficient air enters through the bars, no poking is necessary, and the fire never goes out till the coals are consumed. Any householder can try this experiment, and reduces his coal bill, say, thirty per cent., at the cost of a shilling.

A Misunderstanding.

The person went in to grieve with Mrs. Jones. Poor Jones! It was very sudden; and the widow was altogether inconsolable. So the person prepared to depart, saying as he took his hat:

"Oh? person? so, best in, 'how can you think of such a thing? It's too too premature, Pasure!"

Money Order Decision.

The Attorney General has decided that after the remitter of a post-office order has sent it to another to whom it is made payable, he cannot stop the payment of it, but he is entitled to have the amount paid to him, making demand. This is a decision which our readers will do well to remember.

A GENTLEMAN in Paris, Ky., scoring regularly every day, the old balls going off without giving him a hit, and giving place to perfectly formula ones. The gentleman is perfectly healthy, having no disease of body or feet.

HERE is one of the soundest temperance arguments we have ever come across.

The only temperance railroad in the United States—indeed, in the world—it is said to be the Marietta and Pittsburgh, running from Marietta to Cambridge, a distance of fifty-nine miles. Every officer and employee of the road is a practical temperance man, and not a single fatal accident has ever occurred upon it since it was first opened. This is suggestive as far as it goes, and is fifty-nine miles.—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

The amount of national bank currency authorized is \$353,917,170. Of this \$108,648,279 is held in the six little New England States, while New York and Pennsylvania have a fraction over \$108,000,000, and the Southern States, including Kentucky, have only \$39,976,108. This leaves for the Western States about \$102,000,000. Is it not high time that Congress should legislate for the benefit of the country at large, instead of that of New England?—*Courier-Journal.*

All Wrong.—The practice whereby boys stand in front of the open house entrance at the close of the entertainment with their umbrellas raised and their trowsers rolled up. It is provoking indeed for a young lady, who after observing these indications of prevailing rain, stops in the lobby, fixes her things, covers her head with something and muffles herself generally, to step out under a starlit, cloudy sky, and hear the wicked boys giggle. It is all very wrong.

A young lady who had been studying French, lately wrote to her parents that she was invited out to a *déjeuner* the day before, and was "going to a *fête champêtre* the next day." The professor of the college was surprised to receive a telegram from the "old man," a day or two after, saying, "If you can't keep my daughter away from these blasted managers and side shows, I will come down and see what all is."

The blossom, when crushed, yields its sweetest fragrance; the swan breathes its most thrilling melody in its death song. No character, however lovely, is perfected until it has passed through the ordeal of suffering. It spiritualizes the whole in life; it detaches the soul from earthly things to which it has, perchance, clung heretofore, and brings it nearer the things invisible.

WHAT'S to become of me if you do, I asked an affectionate wife of her receding husband. "I don't know," he sniped out, querulously. "It would look better in you to be thinking about what is to become of me."

This company shall never get another cent of my money," said an angry lady on a railway train. "How then will you travel?" asked the conductor. "I'll pay my fare to you."

NO FIRE HERE!!

NO SMALL-POX!!

MCALISTER & MILLER

Have not advanced prices since the

BOSTON FIRE

Are offering greater inducements in

Winter Dress Goods

Than before the

Boston Fire.

WILL SELL in any Quantities, and Deliver.

Office Near Depot. Orders Solicited.

30-60

NEW

Grocery and Saloon!

Now is the time to buy your Boots and Shoes of McAlister & Miller before they

ADVANCE!!

MCALISTER & MILLER

Are receiving daily large invoices of

READYMADE CLOTHING

Which they are selling at

OLD PRICES.

Before purchasing elsewhere, call on

37-47 **McALISTER & MILLER.**

COAL

T. T. Davies, agent for the sale of

Wm. Owlesy's superior Coal, will furnish

coal in any quantities to suit purchasers,

at the lowest market price.

LUMBER!

Lumber for Sale.

I AM PREPARED TO FURNISH ALL KINDS OF

Poplar Lumber.

Cut and Sawed Shingles,

— AND —

BOARDS.

At the LOWEST prices for CASH.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

A LS WILL CONTRACT TO FURNISH material and erect buildings on the most favorable terms. All orders left at the store of L. & Owsley's, Asher Owlesy's, will receive prompt attention.

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